

Beleue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions fowe
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quilllets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'it against the quality of flesh,
And not beleuees himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to force (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld pate Russians
And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeat and quell
The source of all Erektion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-
uen you earnest.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, He visit thee againe.

Alc. I fl hope well, He neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men daily finde it. Get thee away,

And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasurable, and infinite breist
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is pufft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plenteous boosome, one poore roote:
Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboute
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vicious, greafes his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Alc. I was directed hither. Men report,

Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge

Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Alc. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmannerly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habite, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.
Alc. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe.
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysslerous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyft Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, paye thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tasle
To cure thy o're-nights surfer? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes:
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Alc. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Alc. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Alc. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Alc. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles,
Dost please thy selfe in't?

Alc. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Alc. If thou did'st put this fowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou d'st Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Our lines: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst Content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer clasp't: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passion drugges of it
Freely command: thou would'st haue plung'd thy selfe
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me sticke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters blusth
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stiffe
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Alc. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Alc. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'de giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Alc. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Alc. So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botchy;

If not, I would it were.

Alc. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. These thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,

Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Alc. Heere is no vse for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Alc. Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's about me.

Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

Alc. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather

where I eate it.

Tim. Would payson were obedient, & knew my mind

Alc. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Alc. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Alc. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Alc. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y' should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
ouer know vnthrif, that was beloued after his meane?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou euer know belou'd?

Alc. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Alc. What things in the world canst thou neereft
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
pemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Alc. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Alc. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beakly Ambition, which the Goddess graunt
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy diuinesse would torment thee:
and still thou liu'd'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were Iurers on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Alc. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.

Alc. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:

The plague of Company light vpon thee:

I will feare to catch it, and giue way.

When I know not what else to do,

He see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,

Then *Apemantus*.

Alc. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough

To spit vpon.

Alc. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure.

Alc. There is no Leprosie,

But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, He beate thee;

But I should infect my hands.

Alc. I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,

Choller does kill me,

That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.

Alc. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall

lose a stone by thee.

Alc. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Alc. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought

But euen the meere necessaries vpon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,

Whose blusth doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on *Dians* lap.

Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue

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